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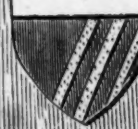
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THE CITY JACKDAW.

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NOVEMBER 16, 1877.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 105.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

MRS. ALLGOOD'S SECRET.

[BY LEONARD BRIGHT.]

MRS. ALLGOOD was an extremely curious-looking little body. She was little—about four feet three inches in height; she was thin—her whole weight, clothes and all, would not exceed seven stones; her face was not much above half the size of an ordinary one, but it was so unlike other faces in other respects than its size that I needs must say more about it. The brow, which could have been covered by four sixpenny pieces and two threepenny pieces, receded at an extremely sharp angle. The eyes, grey and cunning, were set in a deep socket and overhung by long grisly hairs. The small mouth formed a hollow in which there was no loveliness whatever, notwithstanding the fact that on its northern slopes flourished some little verdure in the shape of a moustache. The thin lips were pressed together so tightly that when you looked along the line where they joined, you seemed to be looking on the edge of a penny, except that the rounding went inwards instead of outwards. The nose was about as thin, and nearly as sharp, as a well-conditioned and long-used potato knife. In dimensions the chin very much resembled the brow, which it did, furthermore, in the rapidity with which it ran to a point. But the brow and the chin were unlike each other in this: that while the former inclined backward the latter leant forward—so far forward, indeed, that the sharp nose and the almost equally sharp chin threatened to come into collision some day.

Mrs. Allgood was aware that she had rather an extraordinary face. She had evidently resolved, therefore, to make her attire and her countenance harmonise as well as possible; or, perhaps, as in the case of many other persons, the character of her dress was naturally determined by the character of her general appearance.

Be that as it may, her hair was done up so as to show off the smallness of her head and the retiring disposition of her brow to the greatest advantage; while the black cap which she wore helped to make her face seem smaller and whiter than ever, and the strangely marked print frock in which she was arrayed, and which reached down no further than her ankle, caused her to look shorter, sparer, lighter than she really was.

A woman such as Mrs. Allgood was, and such as I have tried to sketch, is not met with every day. But, if we can only get to know her, she will be all the more interesting just on that very account.

The first time I saw her, I said to myself, this woman has a history; what is more—I can see it—*this woman has a secret.*

These lips of yours, Mrs. Allgood, are exceedingly close lips; not much slips from them either intentionally or unawares. The fact that you are Scotch does not make you any more communicative. Will the great secret of your life—a secret which has moulded your life, and to a large extent fashioned your face as well—will that secret be carried with you to your grave?

We shall see.

She was living in a small house not far from London Road Station. She had been in Manchester for years upon years, but it was only about fourteen months since she entered into possession of her present dwelling.

"I've had a stiff day of it."

This was said by a tall, powerful, young fellow, as he entered Mrs. Allgood's house late one night about the time our story opens.

"Aweel, Sam, ye're baith young and strong," replied Mrs. Allgood.

The young man was Samuel Allgood, her son. Though not above seventeen, he was as rounded, as well-developed, as manly-looking as most men of twenty-two or twenty-three. He was a carter in the employment of Carver and Co. He had been in his present situation for nearly two years, and was known as one of the best, strongest, and steadiest workmen in the whole City.

"People talk about slavery, mother," he said, sitting down to his supper; "about the slavery that used to be in the West Indies and the United States, and the slavery that is in Africa; but it strikes me that none of it all could be worse than what we have in England to-day."

"Toots, toots, boy; there's nae slavery here; a' bodies are free, and may gie up their places when they please."

"Ay, we may change one situation for another, that's true, but it does not follow that the second will be better than the first. Take to-day—here have I been at it from six in the morning till nine at night; and all for what?—twenty-one shillings a-week."

"Weel; that's name sae bad for a lad like you; your faither afore ye ne'er made mair than a pound a-week."

"But things are changed now; everything is dearer."

"Yet we can aye get on wi' your wage and what I make wi' washin' and sae on. Hoo dae ye think I did after your faither was killed?"

"I suppose you starved both yourself and me. You may say what you like, mother, it does not alter the fact that there's lots o' slavery and starvation in England."

"Ye gang tae ower mony meetin's, an' read ower mony papers, Sam; jist learn tae be content; things may be waur afore they're better. Your faither an' me had mony a sair fecht in Scotland tae mak' baith ends meet. I've had a hard battle in Manchester at times as weel; but we've got ower the worst, noo, boy, an' maun be content."

"I would throw up my berth at Carver's to-morrow if it wasn't that I don't want to part wi' Bob, the horse that I work, for I've come to love Bob. They tell me that I could make thirty or thirty-five shillings a-week on the railway as a plain navvy, and surely I'm big enough and strong enough for that."

Samuel Allgood was not far wrong. At least five feet ten inches in height, and proportionately well-built for his age, he would have made a strapping navvy.

"More than that, mother, I want to make money, and, if I can, become rich. You have given me a fair education. I don't mean to be a slave for a bare living all my days. I think I know my strength—I also know that I am willing. If I cannot win money here, I'll win it somewhere else. I have almost determined to try my hand in Canada or New Zealand—they'll pay our passage."

"Ye maunna think o' that, boy; I wadna cross the sea for a' the gowd that's in the world!"

"But you may stay here; I'll send you heaps o' money to keep you; and then I'll come back when I've maybe scraped a fortune together."

Samuel Allgood spoke these words as if he meant what he said. His mother saw, felt this. She knew, she had often experienced, that he had a mind of his own.

The truth was that Mrs. Allgood and Samuel Allgood were as different as two persons could be. The contrast presented by their personal appearance was not more marked than the contrast presented by their intellectual and moral natures.

Mrs. Allgood had also commenced to suspect that her son had his eye on a girl named Susan Somerset, the daughter of a well-to-do draper, whose shop was not far from where they lived. Miss Somerset was in much better circumstances than her son. As yet, Samuel Allgood looked on her, admired her, only from a distance. Could it be that he wished to get on in the world in order that with better grace and brighter prospect he might be in a position to ask her hand?

That night was a restless one for Mrs. Allgood. Her mind roamed over the Past, the Present, and the Future like a steed without a rider. The great Secret of her life danced before her affrighted eyes like a horrid spectre. Was it about to burst the bonds of all her restraint and glare in the gaze of open day?

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the World.

She loved her boy; but, although she had been, and was, kind to him, his feeling for her could not be described as one of deep filial affection. Why this was so, he himself could not divine. She, however, guessed—yes, more, she knew—the reason.

Next day when her son was at work, she took up one of his newspapers, and began to glance through its columns.

As she read, her eyes fell on an advertisement relating to a meeting to be held in the Free Trade Hall that evening.

"What, what's this? Edward Francis Featherstone, Esq., of ——— Hall, in the list o' speakers?"

Mrs. Allgood thought this; she did not utter the words.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" she went on thinking, the paper having now fallen to the floor. "He to be here? What should I dae? What shall I dae? Maun I gang an' see him? Maun I gang an' tell him a'? Sam, Sam, Sam, I canna lose ye yet."

She could not get on with her work at all that day. When Samuel returned home that night his mother was absent. She had left the key next door, and asked the neighbour to tell Sam that she had gone to call on a friend, but would be back before it was very late.

But we must leave the son and follow the mother.

It is ten at night. Amongst the many persons lounging about the Free Trade Hall is a strange-looking little woman. It is Mrs. Allgood.

She has come to see Mr. Edward Francis Featherstone. What can she want with him? The reader shall soon know.

"Mr. Featherstone!" she said to the great gentleman as he came out of the building, about the last to do so.

"Yes; what is it, my good woman?" he asked, without stopping.

"Ye dinna ken me, Mr. Featherstone?"

"No."

"I'm Alice Allgood; ye'll maybe mind Samuel Allgood who used to be your gamekeeper. He was my husband, and we lived in your cottage."

"Yes, yes; it was you that nursed my boy Francis; it was in your arms he died—was it not?"

"Yes."

"And you are living here now? How is your husband?"

"He was killed ten years since by fa'in' frae his cart an' bein' run ower."

"You had a son—had you not? He will be a man now. Let me see, it must be about sixteen years since you left Scotland. You went away soon after Francis' death?"

"Ay; jist about then, I think."

The baby heir's death was very sudden. Mrs. Featherstone died in childbirth. Mrs. Allgood, who then had a child at the breast, was engaged to nurse young Featherstone, her own being brought up chiefly on the bottle by a younger sister of Mrs. Allgood. The latter went to live at the Hall, running down to the cottage sometimes to give her own child a drink. During one of these hurried visits the infant Francis Featherstone was seized with violent fits, and breathed his last before his nurse could reach the Hall.

Such was the story told by Mrs. Allgood at the time; such was what Mr. Featherstone and every person concerned, with one exception, believed to be the truth.

The person to whom I refer as an exception to the others in the matter was Mrs. Allgood.

"Francis wad hae been a fine young gentleman noo," she said, continuing the conversation, and leading up to the point she had in view.

"Yes," said Mr. Featherstone, sadly.

"What if he is still alive?" This was ventured with extreme caution.

"Nonsense; he lives, it is true—but in another world than this?"

"What if I find him in this world for ye?"

"You must be raving, woman," he said, stopping, and looking her straight in the face, opposite St. Peter's Church; "I would give all I own in return for my only child. But that is vain."

"It isna, Mr. Featherstone. I maun tell the truth. I can keep it back nae langer. The lee is killin' me. It waana your boy at a' that died. It was mine. When I gaed doon tae the cottage that day my sister was oot. My child lay in the cradle—deed, smithered. What made me think o't, what made me dae it, I dinna ken. But—listen!—I lifted my deed babe oot o' the cradle; I put your boy into its place. I brought my child tae the Hall, said it was yours, told you it had heavy fits in my arms, an' died."

"And where is he now?" gasped Mr. Featherstone.

"In my hoose."

"But what proof have you?"

"Every proof; your boy was sae marked wi' birth-marks that baith the doctor an' the nurse'll sweer tae him."

Mr. Featherstone stood in a reverie some minutes, then he bid her good night, and said he would call at her house next evening to see what he could make out of the case.

Leaving her, he went to the telegraph office in York Street, and sent a message to his Edinburgh doctor to come to Manchester, on urgent business, at once. He further requested the doctor, if possible, to bring the Edinburgh nurse with him who had attended Mrs. Featherstone in her last illness.

There was no doubt about it. Doctor and nurse ascertained beyond all doubt that Samuel Allgood, the young Manchester carter, was none other than Francis Featherstone, the heir to one of the finest estates in all broad Scotland.

Young Mr. Featherstone was less excited than any of the others by the startling discovery. What agitated him most was the fear of losing Susan Somerset, the draper's daughter. He was likewise grieved at the prospect of parting with his horse Bob.

He made his father acquainted with both these causes of his anxiety. The difficulty as to Bob was soon got over by the noble animal being purchased and sent on to Scotland. Young Mr. Featherstone's tender relationship with Miss Somerset required more thought. But in the end—for Mr. Featherstone loved his long-lost son too well to vex him, and had proved too thoroughly that position and wealth cannot of themselves bring happiness to act as though they could, and prized early love too much to thwart it—Francis was placed under a private tutor, and Susan Somerset went to a boarding-school, that by education each might be fitted for the exalted social position which lay before them.

Six years rolled past, and Francis Featherstone and Susan Somerset went to reside at the Hall, the old gentleman's last years being made bright by a joy and a love that had long been lost.

As for Mrs. Allgood, she had become a complete wreck. After unburdening her mind to Mr. Featherstone, she had never been herself. Growing worse and worse, she was at length confined in a lunatic asylum. She remembered nothing of what happened subsequent to the momentous interview. Believing that her son had gone to Canada, and knowing nothing of what had really occurred in the lives of Francis Featherstone and Susan Somerset, she went about ringing her hands—her nose and chin, which had long been on terms of the greatest intimacy, now within half-an-inch of each other—raving wildly at times, but never once let the wondering attendants catch the faintest glimpse of what was to the last Mrs. ALLGOOD'S SECRET.

NEW NEWS ITEMS.

A DAY or two ago, one of the local papers reported the blowing up of a torpedo vessel at Buenos Ayres, and the consequent loss of eleven lives. "But," added the report, "Captain H. Davidson, and Captain Harvey, R.N., escaped, being on shore at the time the explosion occurred." This is amusing, and leads us to speculate as to what reporting may come to. Probably we may soon see items of news put together in the columns of our Journals in a manner something like the following:—

ALARMING ACCIDENT.—During the heavy gale on Monday last, a slate was detached from the roof of Throstle Nest. Our readers will learn with feelings of thankfulness that Mr. Alderman Heywood was not injured, for happily he was taking tea with Captain James Watson when the occurrence took place.

COLLISION.—A railway collision took place at Bullock Smithy yesterday. By singular good fortune Mr. W. Birch, junr., was at the *Weekly Times* office, discussing with "Verax" a new scheme of charity organisation, and so, remarkable to relate, that estimable citizen received no bodily hurt whatever.

FALL OF BUILDINGS.—Yesterday, several houses, in course of erection at Higher Broughton, fell. The Bishop of Manchester, in pursuance of his resolution not to read adverse criticisms upon his utterances, was perusing a copy of last week's *Jackdaw* in his study. Consequently, and providentially, his Lordship remained unscathed.

DISTURBANCE IN CHURCH.—Something like a fight took place in a Church in Chorlton-on-Medlock last Sunday evening. The Rev. Rabbeyt Indall, who is rector, received no bruises, as, at the time, he was in the vestry talking to "Promotion by Merit."

UNPOPULAR SONGS—No. VI.

[BY A CROSSING-SWEEPER.]

COME, tip us a copper, sir; all the day long
 I've been sweepin' the crossin' and keepin' it clean;
 But somehow with me everything's going wrong,
 For people is gettin' so terrible mean.
 They walks on the crossin' and shoves me aside
 When I axes perlite what they's willin' to stand;
 And they seems for to think as I've hurted their pride,
 By gettin' afore 'em to hold out my hand.

And if when they shoves me I gives 'em a dab
 With my broom on their boots, then they curses and swears,
 And I quick jump away to get out of their grab,
 And I twiddles my fingers and yells out "who cares!"
 So this makes 'em more mad, and the bobby comes up,
 And I've quick got to hook it and dodge out o' sight,—
 For the bobby don't like me, and if I should stop,
 He'd jolly soon lock me in quod for the night.

I thinks it aint fair, for a feller must live,
 And they aint got no bizness to shove him about;
 They might just be civil, altho' they wont give,
 And not be so ready to fetch one a clout.
 For this is my crossin', I bought it from Jack,
 And paid him five shillin' for stock and goodwill,
 He's dead now, poor feller, a little time back,
 He was scrunched by a 'bus as it came down the hill.

You see it's my crossin', and folks aint no right
 To use it unless they is willin' to pay;
 But they travels along it from mornin' till night,
 And they'se aeshally paid but six ha'pence this day.
 It's hard times, I can tell yer, with sweepers just now,
 For people gets closer and meaner each week;
 I would get somethin' else, but I never knows how,
 Though everyone says I've got plenty of check.

It's only poor people as ever is kind,
 Or keeps up my pecker by givin' a brad;
 And yet it aint them as need ever to mind
 If the crossin' is swept by this 'ere little cad:
 For they aint got clean boots, and their trousers is black
 With the dirt from their work, and could never be wuss
 If I chucked all the mud in the street at their back—
 Though I did, I don't s'pose they'd make very much fuss.

But the rich people 's allus too busy to care
 Whether sweepers like me has got somethin' to eat;
 Or they holds up their noses so high in the air
 That they don't know I'm here till I dabs at their feet.
 Why, there's one fat old gent as comes by every day,
 And he growls like a bear if the crossin' aint swept—
 He's ready to grumble, but never to pay,
 For he never tips coppers to have it well kept.

And the women goes past in their wonderful clothes
 Which sweeps back the mud to my crossin' again,
 But never a one of 'em thinks as she goes
 That even I laughs for to see 'em so vain.
 Ah! I sees a good deal in the streets you can guess,
 And I'm learnin' to laugh at these people's fine togs,
 And I can't help respecting 'em very much less
 Than the people what passes my crossin' in clogs.

Still, now and then people will tip me a bob,
 And I shuts up my shop for the day, and I'm off
 To lay out the money directly in grub,
 And some lozenges, too, for to settle my cough.
 Then I fetches young Bill, he's my brother, you know,
 For I aint got much trouble in finding him out,—
 He sells matches just down at the crossing below,—
 And we goes to our cellar and haves a blow out.

We aint got no father, nor mother, nor nought,
 For mother is dead, and the guv'nor's i' quod,
 For ten years he was stealin' some bread and got caught,
 And they left us to starve, which I thought very odd.
 Mother died six months arter, and ever since that
 I've been sweepin' this crossin' and keepin' us two,
 Bill can't make enough for to feed a good rat,
 So with us it's hard times, and that's jolly well true.

I hope as yer'll tip me a copper to-night,
 And I'll turn yer a wheel for the money as well;
 It's fast gettin' dark, and I aint had a bite
 All this ere blessed day, and that there aint no sell.
 And I know Bill is hungry—he allus is so,
 He never has got half enough for to eat;
 Now! if yer'd just give us a tanner, we'd go
 And have, oh my eye! such a jolly good treat!

NOT LOST.

WE take the following from the *Leeds Mercury*:—"Mr. R. Pease is the Liberal candidate for the representation of the Bradford South Ward, on the occasion of the vacancy caused by the election of Aldermen. The Liberal candidates for the other wards are those named in Saturday's *Mercury*. There has been a rumour that Mr. F. S. Powell was to oppose Mr. A. Illingworth in Little Horton Ward, but this is hardly likely." We beg the *Mercury's* pardon. We hope it is likely. Mr. F. S. Powell can never be M.P. of ours. Manchester wont have him. No constituency will have him as its member. Let him, then, be returned as the representative of Little Horton Ward in the Bradford Town Council. We respect Mr. Illingworth; Mr. Illingworth respects us; and, therefore, we are sure, he will not object to find poor Powell a berth.

SQUELSHING THE DEAN.

THE Dean will never get over it. The Rev. Mr. West, the Rev. Mr. Haworth, and one or two other equally distinguished clergymen, have withdrawn from the Cathedral Rural Deanery as a protest against Dean Cowie presuming to think for himself. Mr. Haworth is a choice writer. Here is what he says, at least a part of it: "The Dean's proceedings from the first, down to his endeavour, a few weeks ago, to introduce the silver mace with its idolatrous emblem (which, thanks to our Bishop and a canon who proved faithful, was resisted), had shaken my confidence in the Dean's loyalty to the Church of England. What lover of his Church can reflect on the excited and indignant gatherings from time to time at the Cathedral to protest against the trumpery tinelled rags which the Dean was continually introducing, and not feel sorrow and shame? By his setting up of crosses, altar cloth's, frontals, &c. &c., he has so aroused suspicion and destroyed confidence that the Churchmen of Manchester at last felt it necessary to put him in a position somewhat resembling that of a bankrupt tradesman working under inspection, and appointed three gentlemen to keep a watchful superintendence." This is a pretty way for a clergyman of the Church to speak of his superior! But what's the use of standing at trifles? Mr. Haworth's heat increases as he proceeds. "I beg leave to say," this reverend gentleman goes on, "that if the appointment of Mr. Knox-Little to preach at the Cathedral was the only point in dispute, I should have felt myself justified in withdrawing from the rural deanery over which the Dean presides. Omitting the Dean, there are 21 beneficed clergy in the Cathedral Rural Deanery, and one-third of them, including the Rev. Canon Bardaley, have had the courage of their convictions, and have declined to join in expressing approval of the Dean's conduct. At one of the remaining 14, the Church's laws are openly and boastfully trampled under foot. At four others there have been contentions going on for years between the clergy and their flocks about the introduction into their Churches of superstitious and offensive emblems. In short, the moral atmosphere of the Cathedral Rural Deanery has been such that I for one am glad I have withdrawn from it." Without troubling ourselves about the spirit which runs through these words, we are prepared to give a valuable prize to the schoolboy or schoolgirl who will, for the sake of the Rev. Mr. Haworth, lick the two sentences next the last one into something like decent form.

W. ARONSBERG, Optician to the Royal Eye Hospital, 12, Victoria Street, Manchester.



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT Justice has been trying hard to make a fool of herself and bring herself into contempt of late.

That she has succeeded wonderfully well.

That three men were convicted at Liverpool Summer Assizes and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude each for having committed a horrible outrage on a woman at Burnley.

That other three men have been tried at the present Manchester Assizes for the same fearful crime.

That the Manchester jury, not only found them Not Guilty, but added that no such offence had ever been committed.

That Mr. Justice Lush resolved to get the three convicts liberated.

That, by order of the Home Secretary, they are again free men.

That the sooner we have our whole judicial system revised the better.

That the Tories might be reasonable for once and not go dead against some little reform in this direction.

That Mr. Gladstone was in good form at Holyhead on Monday.

That not many men could make such a rattling speech immediately after a stormy sea voyage and a sound sea sickness.

That the *Courier* has gone and done it once more.

That, in reporting Mr. Gladstone's Holyhead speech, it made the words, "My time, my friends, is exhausted," read thus, "My time, my funds are exhausted."

That a promising Printer's Devil twigg'd the mistake in course of time and had the thing put right in the later editions.

That the importation of mechanics from America threatens to become as lively and as large as the importation of dead meat.

That matters are in a sad mess one way or another at present.

That Macmahon defies the new Chamber of Deputies.

That the war barometer is falling rapidly in France.

That the Marquis of Hartington has caused quite a flutter in the Church Establishment rookeries.

That the *Pall Mall Gazette* is now the most Conservative paper in London.

That it stands up for the Church as vehemently as it stands up for the Turk.

That in this happy country you dare not touch the trade-mark of a manufacturer.

That, nevertheless, one paper may, and does, steal what is the property of another.

That some do this daily without the slightest qualms of conscience.

That this sort of thing would be quickly stopped if the Press was more largely represented in Parliament.

FOUND DEAD.

THE City Coroner held an inquest on Monday on the body of a young woman, name unknown, who was found dead by a boy in an empty house in Husband Street, Collyhurst. The medical evidence showed that the body was in a great state of decomposition. The eyes had burst, and the contents of the sockets had all run out. The hair was all detached from the head, and the body was covered with thousands of maggots and vermin. The body was that of a woman about 30. The teeth were regular and all perfect, with the exception of two. The body was considerably emaciated; the hands were small and the nails perfect. There were no marks of hard labour on the hands. The brain appeared to be moderately healthy. The lungs were diseased, especially the upper left lung; both were inflamed, and the right one was breaking down. The heart was small and weak and empty, so that she could not have been suffocated. The stomach was perfectly empty, and the bulk of the intestines were the same. She could have had no food for some days. The lower part of the body was so decomposed that he could not say whether any violence had been done to her, but she had certainly never been pregnant. The cause of death was the disease of the lungs, accelerated by want of food and exposure. He thought she had fallen down there and died just as she lay. He thought she had been dead at least three weeks. The jury, after hearing the evidence, returned a verdict of "Found Dead."—See *Daily Papers*.

SOMEbody held her to her breast,
In the happy, golden past;
A father loved her well, I wist—
God grant that love might last!

She ran, she skipped, like other girls,
A little lithesome thing,
More precious than the choicest pearls,
More gay than lark on wing.

She faced the doubtful fight of life,
She prayed for strength above;
She felt the thrust of sorrow's knife,
And longed for peace and love.

Someone wronged her—we know not how—
And then she sank to die,
No hand to bathe her aching brow,
Or catch her dying sigh.

Nobody claims her form to-day,
Or knows the name she gave;
So gently bear her corpse away
To fill an unknown grave.

MR. HEADLAM does not often commit himself—his business, rather, is to commit other people—but he has made a mistake for once. At the City Police Court the other day Messrs. Johnson and Rawson, the well-known and highly respected booksellers in Market Street, were charged with selling cards as "American" cards when they were nothing of the kind. The case was a trumped-up one, yet Mr. Headlam, in dismissing it, was indiscreet enough to say that "it was not a very straightforward transaction on the part of Messrs. Johnson and Rawson." Why not? They sold excellent cards which are perfectly well known to the trade, as well as to card-players, as "American cards." What more does our able Stipendiary want? Mr. Abel Heywood, jun., is not far wrong when he says in a letter to the daily papers—"Even if we were not informed in the report that the charge has been brought by the agent for the sale of the real washing cards of America, it would be quite evident that it has been vamped up by an interested party as an advertisement. Just as legitimate would be a prosecution of the vendors of 'American clothes pegs,' or 'real American ice cream,' because those articles have never seen the land of cute Yankeeedom."

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. } WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

COPE'S VAULTS.

[BY THE ANTIENT PISTOL.]

WAS it not Slawkenbergius who went to the promontory of Noses? I have been there myself, and did not travel so far probably as the man with the outlandish name.

"Where away so fast?" cried I to a Bardolphian friend of mine against whom I stumbled the other day in St. Ann's Square.

"I'm going to call on my solicitor, old fellow; come along with me," was the reply.

Headless of my protests, he dragged me down an entry, in which were some dismal business rookeries, such as are inhabited by men of the law. We took a sharp turn to the right, threaded our way through certain suspicious-looking cases and bampers, entered a dingy passage, and in another moment stood in Cope's Vault.

"This is a rum place in which to study Coke and Blackstone," said I.

"It is a rum place, in more ways than one," he replied.

Did Cope adjust the location of his vaults to the surroundings, or did the approaches accommodate themselves to the vault? No matter. These approaches are a most cunning device. When the staid man of business vanishes down that gloomy court, or saunters coolly into that dingy passage leading from St. Mary's Gate, no one is supposed to know that he is on "two-penn'orth" intent.

If you will take your stand, good reader, any morning in Smithy Door, and look around, presently you will discover, amidst the mass of mixed humanity, a pink-faced, purple-nosed denizen floating around. Follow that glowing beacon for a time, and it's turtle to tripe that you will be landed, sooner or later, in the happy haven of Cope's Vaults.

"The stuff is good, sir," he says; and, sooth to say, I must needs endorse him.

Cope's establishment is plain, even to meanness. It hangs out no flaring sign. It has no flashy exterior. It does not please the eye at the expense of the palate. The votaries of this temple of Bacchus are orthodox followers, who believe not in adulterate drinks nor in the gimcrack adulterate art of public-house decorator.

They care nought for shallow emblems or outward show, but are attracted hither solely by the purity and strength of the spirit. Now and then you may see a few giddy roystering fellows who have no sense of their own dignity or of the dignity of the place; but, as a rule, they do their "spiriting" gently at Cope's.

The men you see around you have mostly a quiet and melancholy aspect; but they are diligent in the observance of their rites, persevering in their duties, and their zeal, like Bardolph's, burns in the nose.

Occasionally, an hysterical female, carried away by the fervour of her nature, or the potency of her potations, will emit a dervish-like howl; but all such manifestations are sternly repressed. The confirmed devotee enters the place solemnly, catches the eye of an attendant, deposits his offering, receives his libation, and libates ere a word is spoken. If perchance a word be uttered, it is the magic word "Dunville?" This is pronounced by the attendant in an interrogative tone, and with a careless air which shows that the mumbled question is unnecessary.

Over the first matutinal cup the manner of the votary is sometimes strangely agitated. There is a trepidation in his ways, and a tremulousness in his hand; but when the fluid has sent its comforting glow throughout the inner man he becomes more composed; he smacks his lips approvingly, and gives vent to a happy sigh, while his eyes become suffused with a grateful symyathetic moisture.

Said we not something about noses? Ah! rich and rare is the display!

Some are richly fretted and carbuncled; others are beautifully seamed and veined like a tablet of marble. Some are putting forth their first flush of promise, while others "bear their blushing honours thick upon them." Many are in full blossom, and not a few have the purple tints of melancholy autumn.

Slawkenbergius and his noses—be blowed! He should have seen my noses!

The days of Cope's Vaults, I fear, are numbered; but ere they disappear before the improving builder, and ere the rubicund noses are extinguished in night, I deem it a duty to embalm their memories in printer's ink.

No wonder that the Manchester Carriage Company pays so well. It is no unusual thing for the drivers and guards to be on duty from eight in the morning till eleven in the evening, and all for twenty-five or thirty shillings a week. Even Sunday, they cannot claim as their own.

THE RIVAL EDITORS.

"No scandal made the weekly press a curse."—BYRON.

WHEN the immortal Mr. Pickwick went down to Eatanswill, at election time, he was made aware by the sententious Mr. Pott, of the *Eatanswill Gazette*, that the town was divided between the Buff and Blue interests, which had each its separate organ. Mr. Pott was the literary champion of the Blues, while the Buffs rejoiced in the gall-distilling Mr. Slurk, of the *Eatanswill Independent*. The rival editors, of course, were sworn foes. Readers of "Pickwick" may remember the laughable passage-at-arms between them at the inn, when the combatants were separated by the doughty Sam Weller and his master. There has been much speculation as to the whereabouts of Eatanswill. The readers of the *Jackdaw* may be surprised to learn that this famous town has been discovered in Lancashire, and only about twenty miles from Manchester. Bacup, the chief town of Rossendale, is the veritable Eatanswill of the great novelist—and Mr. Pott and Mr. Slurk are still to the fore, "all alive and kicking," in the persons of the editors of the *Bacup Times* (Red), and the *Bacup News* (Blue). Many persons have objected to the portraits of Messrs. Pott and Slurk as being overdrawn, but neither of these great men could "come down" harder than their Bacup representatives. The Rossendale editors never bury the hatchet; they are perpetually on the war path, intent on demolishing each other with wordy missiles which far out-Herod the originals. One Saturday Mr. Pott, of the *Times*, lays lance in rest and assaults his rival of the *News* (the Tory print), who has been eating humble pie for prematurely killing one of the Co-operative Cotton Mill Companies for which Rossendale Valley is celebrated. This is how he "comes down," à la *Eatanswill Gazette*, on his Tory rival:—

"ANOTHER (GOOD) PRESS MAN GONE WRONG.—The grinder of the Rossendale Tory organ has again been playing out of tune. The *News*, since the advent of its present editor, has been the receptacle of all the filthy scandal and gossip that could be collected from the lowest pot-houses in the district, and, as a consequence, the editor is now getting accustomed to making a public 'retraction,' or 'apology,' for libels that have been published in his paper. The dignity of the press is thus trampled in the mud, and a political party is outraged by its association with such an indecent paper."

Pretty hard hitting this, isn't it? After a week's mental training, the "grinder of the Rossendale Tory organ"—what a felicitous epithet!—comes up smiling, or rather snarling, and thus pounds away at his opponent, in a style which may be described as a compound of Jefferson, brick, and slush:—

"The *Times* of to-day contains a paragraph quite in keeping with its own cowardly, sneaking character in dealing with an opponent. To the dense ignorance of its editor, as well as to the general incompetency of all connected with its literary department, we have often called public attention; and it now only remains for us to say, once for all, that never in our journalistic experience have we been called upon to encounter such mean, contemptible, and scurrilous opponents as are to be found on the *Times* staff. Personally we are not concerned at their conduct, nor should we have noticed this fresh outbreak of vile spleen had we no other object in view save the vindication of ourselves. But we owe it to those concerned—not the *Times*—to again repudiate all the insinuations and imputations suggested by the paragraph in question. Those whom we unwittingly wronged we met in the light of day; and, convinced of error, we hastened to repair it at once. For this we receive a stab in the back from some cur who, we trust, will have just sufficient courage left to hand us his name, that we may tender him, in public, our personal thanks."

Thus the struggle rests for the present. This week, no doubt, there will be some more sharp cross-countering as the rivals seem to be in "good form." Well done, Bacup! After this none can plead ignorance as to the geographical position or the identity of Eatanswill. Newspaper proprietors in search of "slashing" talent are welcome to the hint.

THE "JACKDAW'S" ADVICE TO SOME ILL BIRDS.

A FAMOUS Presbyter, John Knox,
Gave Romish freaks, some heavy shocks,
And a Great Knox was he;
So, if a Knox should rear again
The Romish freaks uprooted then,
Knox-Little he would be;
But till he rears them—Haworth, West,
Don't go and foul the cleric nest!

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

SINS OF COMMISSION.

FOR many, many years Manchester has had no such unfailing and exciting subject of talk and speculation as is afforded by the suit of Williamson against Barbour. The Town Hall opening, and the Watson-Maclure movement there anent kept the gossips going for a while; and half-a-dozen great failures have supplied topics for a day or two; but here is a case of the very utmost moment to Manchester trade, which may go on as long as "Jarndyce v. Jarndyce," and will present, in each new stage of its development, something more and something fresh, from the counsel or from the judge, to interest, embarrass, or alarm the commission agents of all Christendom and Jewry. It is the easiest thing in the world to gather anywhere in the streets visible signs of the importance of the issue. On the day the morning papers report the case, there is at all the railway stations what the French call a *siege* of the kiosques. The incoming traveller who fails to get a copy is as wretched as a man who goes to Church with a cold in his nose and no handkerchief in his pocket. The papers are read and the floodgates of comment are opened in train and 'bus, in the warehouse and on 'Change, at the club lunch or the eating-house, and so on the stream runs until its force is exhausted, and it dwindles over the tea table into the trickling commonplaces in which the average man explains business matters to his wife. "By George," says Jones to Smith—not the only Jones nor your Smith, too hasty reader—"By George, if Jessel is astonished at Barbour's charges, what would he think of —'s, a very reputable firm, whose name not all the gold of their wealthiest rival shall tempt me to reveal in print." "It's awful to think," says another, "of what may happen if the big houses come down on us. 'Twould smash up some, I guess." "Curious way Sir George Jessel has," adds another, "of introducing little judgments. Aint it unusual in what they call an extra party case?" "Didn't know till now that Williamson's partners used to be in Barbour's warehouse." "Perhaps that accounts for the milk in the coconut," remarks Tom. "You'll have to burn your books, Tom," retorts his friend. "Books! Do you think I'm such a fool as to have kept them. Always destroy them when they are two years old, so no one could bother me much. Lend us the *Examiner* to see what the judge says this time." There are a few who keep more silent than the rest, and they are the gentlemen who think they read in every one of the interjections of the Master of the Rolls an item in a bill of impeachment directed against themselves, and the death-knell of a system which they have been trained to regard as indispensable and perfectly honest and proper. Should the judge push to its conclusion his hypothesis of "unconscious fraud"—what an unctuous word that will be to some of our sharp traders here—certain legal considerations will compel them to change their custom, and if that were not so they would admit the desirability of alterations now that their customers have learned so much from the newspaper reports. "I have only ten modes," said a well-known agent the other day—meaning "modes" of making up a profit; "and there they are all in the newspapers for my customers to see."

One thing is very certain, and it is that, whatever the result of the litigation may be, the facts alleged by counsel, and the evidence, when we get it, will prove "nuts," and the very choicest of filberts, to sundry not very good friends of Manchester. A howl of holy horror will proceed from Fors Clavigera, and we shall find Mr. Ruskin pointing to China clay and commissions as the two baneful consequences of doing away with hand-loom weaving. His friend, Mr. Somerwell, will be inspired to redoubled opposition to the Thirlmere scheme by the belief that here is another stone to throw at grasping Manchester. The *Latterday Reviewer* will put on his most haughty manner, and tell his readers that he expected nothing else from people who do not wear gloves. Sensational preachers will talk about increasing corruption, and there will probably be not a few lawyers, architects, and gentlemen's gentlemen, who know well enough what commissions are and take care to exact them, thanking God that they are not called upon to have their books overhauled. There will assuredly be a good deal of this sort of thing, because Manchester and Manchester men are not held in the greatest of favour by the genteel people of the world, and the genteel people are just those who, understanding nothing of business and little of anything else, have misunderstood and will misunderstand the meaning and nature of this action.

The question involved is in truth not at first sight a simple one, but it may easily be reduced to a form which the genteel person will be able to understand, and that may be done, we believe, without any danger of committing contempt of court. Mr. Williamson's contention, then, is

that a Manchester commission agent is an agent always and only, entitled to the rates of commission agreed to by his principal, and no more, in payment of his service. Messrs. Barbour, after the custom of every other Manchester commission agent, charged more than that commission—something *i.e.*, for bleaching, for packing, for discounting bills; and these separate somethings, amounting in the whole on twenty years' trading to £100,000, they are called upon to give up. The argument which the defence will depend upon will, it is easy to foresee, entirely traverse the position assumed by the Calcutta firm. It will be urged that the Manchester custom is not that a commission agent is solely an agent. He may be also a manufacturer or merchant; a dyer, bleacher, or printer; and likewise a banker. He serves his client in each capacity, and the client is benefitted by this concentration of functions in one hand; while the merchant, bleacher, or banker, as the case may be, claims to make the profit which would, in the case of any other merchant, bleacher, or banker, accrue on the transaction. Let us take an example to elucidate this point. Large firms in Manchester who supply the Eastern or South American markets have a pretty good notion beforehand what kind of goods are likely to suit their distant customers. The firm that best and soonest forecasts that taste ought to, and invariably does, make the most profit. In January, a buyer of the firm secures a stock of goods, perhaps a hundred thousand pounds worth, at a certain price, and his firm keeps them at the risk of the market until the summer. A merchant would have the right to sell those goods when the foreign purchaser arrived at the highest price he could get for them, and we may be sure that, as a rule, so keen is competition that that price would be very near the general market rate. The difference between his buying and selling price would, if the market had risen, represent his profit; or, if the prices had fallen, it would represent his loss. If he should make a profit, we should all say it was the fruit of his enterprise; if he made a loss, of course, with the way of the world, we should be down upon him, and say it was the fault of his rash speculation. But, supposing the commission agent is held to be always a commission agent, the transaction assumes a different shape altogether. He may still buy in January and sell in July, but he must sell at the price he paid six months before, and be content with the one per cent commission only, to which, as an agent, he is entitled. Whether he would be allowed to charge interest upon the capital which for six months lay idle is a moot point. But it is certain that, according to the principles laid down by Sir Henry James, the commission agent would not receive the merchant's profit. Again, supposing the commission agent is a man of large resources and good credit, his client gets all the advantage of this capital and reputation, and is that also to be paid for by the commission on the total business done, or is it to be charged for as a banker would charge for the use of his money? Or, again, supposing him to have built bleachworks, or to employ a large staff of packers, is he only to charge as profit the commission upon the prime cost, assuming that to be an ascertainable quantity, or is he to be allowed his commission for acting as agent *plus* the ordinary profits of his trades? These are some of the very grave issues involved in the case, and we state them only to explain and not to prejudice the suit.

Of course it cannot be expected that the Master of the Rolls will accept the plea of custom if he is of opinion that the custom is not legal, and should that be his decision, it is obvious to everyone with the slightest knowledge of Manchester trade, that it will lead to a revolution in the system of conducting commission agents' business. Many firms are now charging two per cent for their services, when their warehouse charges alone come to 1½ per cent, and they have to pay one per cent for the introduction of custom. How is this managed? By some one or more of the "ten modes" already spoken of, and these modes are, in most cases, known to and tacitly sanctioned by the customer. A decision against Messrs. Barbour would necessarily put a stop to that. The commission agents, thenceforward, would have to be content with the fixed commission, on which they could not keep up their great warehouses, to say nothing of means of living; or they would have to make a new arrangement under which they would become dealers negotiating with dealers and not agents acting for a principal. That, perhaps, is what they should have done long ago; they would have been wiser and safer and no poorer if twenty years ago the system of commissions and its attendant risks had been discarded. There would then be none of the apprehension which thrills in a hundred hearts in Manchester to-day. There would be no trembling anticipation of big customers turning up from the ends of the earth with

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awkward demands to see the agent's books for twenty years past. There would be no gloomy thoughts about the possibility of unscrupulous houses in the Levant or the West Indies making the suit, and the fears it has aroused a safe and easy means of levying black-mail or hush-money. There would be no schemes for cutting down expenses: knocking off the brougham, and dropping dinner-giving, in order, with the money thus saved, to form a contingent fund against awkward possibilities. The commission agent might, as of old, take "pride in his port," and have "defiance in his eye," as he sees "the lords of human kind (his customers) pass by," and, with a conscience free from qualms, might sleep through Halle's concert as peacefully as ever.

RAILWAY COMPANIES, BEWARE!

MR. RUSSELL, Q.C., the Judge of the Manchester County Court, has given many useful judgments in his time, but seldom one that was wiser and better than that pronounced by him on Wednesday in an action brought by Mr. Kerrigan, contractor, against the London and North Western Railway Company. The plaintiff sought to recover £36. 11s. 6d., the value of certain luggage entrusted to the defendants for carriage from Manchester to Dublin, and the cost of maintenance of the plaintiff and family at Dublin pending inquiries about the missing articles. On the 17th of August, Mr. Kerrigan, with his wife and children, went from Manchester to Dublin, and on ending the journey a large box containing their clothes could not be found. They had intended going some distance inland, but could not do so without the luggage. At the expiration of four days Mr. Kerrigan returned to Manchester to get more money, and then went to Dublin to bring his family home. Altogether, his family were detained in Ireland ten days, and for his expenses during that time he claimed £10. His honour said he should allow the plaintiff every penny of his claim for the luggage, and with regard to the sum sought to be recovered for his expenses, he doubted very much whether the plaintiff was not out of pocket by asking £10. He was kept waiting while inquiries were made, and then he came back to Manchester, not for the purpose of completing his journey, but to get money to bring his family back. The result was that all the money spent in going to, and remaining in Dublin was thrown away. Under these circumstances, he should give a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount claimed, with costs. I cannot understand why the claim was resisted. Perhaps the lesson will be taken to heart.

THAT AUNT THAT I HAD.

WHEN I was but a heedless boy
I used to pelt the cat with joy,
And while engaged in the pursuit
Of pelting that domestic brute
I was as happy as a king,—
I pitied not the cat, poor thing!
The cat it belonged to an aunt that I had,
And I rather delighted in making her mad.

When I was but a heedless youth
I never hardly told the truth;
There were so many things I did
Which always wanted to be hid;
Occasions always would arise,
When I was young, for telling lies.

I used to tell lies to an aunt that I had,
And she knew that I told them, which made her sad.

"When I was young," she used to say,
"We never pelted cats in play,
And if desires in us arose
To do such wicked things as those,
We used to quench them with a sigh,—
Our principles they were so high."

'Twas thus she exhorted the aunt that I had,
When I was a heedless and mischievous lad.

"And then," she added, "in my youth
I always used to speak the truth;
I never used to steal mince pies,
And then conceal the theft with lies."
These personal remarks she made
To little purpose I'm afraid.

I confess that, in spite of this aunt that I had,
The ways of my youth were decidedly bad.

But since on earth I've longer dwelt
I don't delight the cat to pelt;
And as for lies, upon that score,
Than other folks I don't tell more,—
I'm quite a model man, in fact,
And virtuous in every act.
Could my ways be observed by that aunt that I had,
I am sure the dear soul would be awfully glad.

WHAT WILL MRS. GRUNDY SAY?

NOT long ago someone advertised in one of the Manchester dailies for "a good hand at angels," which would, no doubt, shock the propriety of Mrs. Grundy, who would probably regard it as a presumptuous interference on the part of mundane creatures with matters celestial. But there now comes the still more shocking inquiry for "a good moon engraver." This is really very startling, and Mrs. Grundy will have to be bled without an instant's delay. There was, some years ago, a certain distinguished gentleman living in a very large establishment at Broadmoor, who laboured under the peculiar idiosyncrasy of supposing that upon him had devolved, in the past, the sole responsibility of supplying the heavens with their celestial furniture. The anxiety attendant on the superintendence of so stupendous a task had quite naturally exerted an unhappy influence on the various constituents enclosed in his *pia-mater*, and he used to relate with awe what an immense number of brass-headed nails had been required to make the sun, how he was scarcely satisfied with the moon, as it was "but a woman" after all, and to express his extreme regret at having made Mars at all on account of its irrepressibly savage and war-like disposition. It appeared from his account, and the anachronism might well be pardoned under the circumstances, that his original design in constructing La Luna was that she might afford light for certain snipe-shooting expeditions indulged in by himself and the Apostle Paul, whom he described as even a better hand at snipe-shooting than Peter was at fishing. It is devoutly to be hoped that the execution of those duties which will in all probability fall to the lot of the "good moon engraver" now required will not result in a similar depression and disarrangement of mind. It is also to be hoped that he will not return from so long a journey as will be necessary for arriving at the scene of his labours without definitely ascertaining whether there is any green cheese in the moon, and whether chip-gathering is the staple business of its denizens. Such information would carry untold joy to countless young hearts in the nurseries of England, and remove such doubts as have hitherto given them a bias towards scepticism from their very cradles. If it is not asking too much, the *Jackdaw* would also suggest that whilst doing his engraving he might alter to an appreciable extent those features of the "old man of the moon" which have become wearisomely familiar and which are said to exert an unhappily fascinating influence on the inmates of sundry large public institutions. Again, he might also take La Luna's answer to Timon of Athens' impeachment:—

"The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun."

And if she can justify her action in this respect by any "custom of celestial trade" he might humbly suggest that in future she do her plundering in a rather more systematic way, so as to remove the necessity for Juliet's reproach—

"O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
Which monthly changes in its circled orb,
Lest thy love prove likewise variable."

With these suggestions the *Jackdaw* takes leave of this "good moon engraver," and heartily wishes him *un bon voyage*.

People generally may not be aware that one of our numerous magazines is entitled "The Twentieth Century," the editor of which is certainly a genuine genius. In his advertisement of the current number we find the following:—"Frontispiece—The Rose of Complimentary Colours, Questioning Philosophy. 'Ding dong bell.' Note.—The Editor would call attention to the printer's refined and artistic arrangement of the Table of Contents; also to a singular error, page 3-2, line 18, which appears in the plural, and for which the printer is not responsible. Price One Shilling, to be obtained for Sixpence to the end of December."

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THE THEATRES.

AT the Princes' to-morrow night Mr. Carl Rosa's company conclude a season which has been equally as enjoyable to the frequenters of the theatre as it must have been profitable to the management. On Monday evening Gounod's ever-enjoyable *Faust* was produced. In some respects the opera may not be fairly accepted as a very popular one, for it does not abound in familiar airs; in fact, so far as "catching" music is concerned, with perhaps one notable exception, Gounod's masterpiece can show literally nothing. Even as Browning is a poet for poets, so in a great measure is Gounod a musician for musicians. "Marguerite" was impersonated by Madame Blanche Cole, and it is perhaps paying a poor compliment to describe her conception of the parts as intelligent and extremely true to nature. As "Faust," Mr. Packard was by no means suited to his part, and he evidently knew this. His rendering of it, however, was better than we expected, considering the difficulties under which he laboured. Of Mr. Campobello's "Valentine" little need be said. He had comparatively little to do, and he did it thoroughly well. "Mephistopheles" was taken by Mr. Celli who made a great deal out of a not too attractive part; and Miss York proved an agreeable, though slightly undemonstrative "Siebel." The mounting of the opera was more than usually elaborate. As a scenic effect nothing could be more striking than the magical transformation of "Faust's" dreary studio into a fairy palace, wherein, for a time, he may give reckless riot to his desires. The Garden Scene was also a singularly effective set, even for the Prince's. Naturally, the heavy scenic arrangements caused the waits to be rather longer than usual, and we regret to say that a section of the audience—from whom better things might have been expected—seemed inclined to take umbrage at this. *The Bohemian Girl* was repeated on Tuesday, and was followed on Wednesday by *The Crown Diamonds*. To-night a special attraction is offered in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. For next week Mr. Toole is announced.

At the Theatre Royal Charles Mathews is delighting play-goers with *My Awful Dad* and other favourite pieces. *Leah*, with Miss Bateman in the title rôle, is announced for next week.

At the Queen's, melodrama of the usual type has formed the bill of fare. *Under the Gaslight*, with Mr. J. Bracewell in the leading part, has met with an enthusiastic reception.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

HOW true it is that men are often in ignorance of some of the most important events which are taking place all round about them. The other day, in London, for example, a most marvellous thing seems to have happened, and yet, so far as I am aware, not a single daily paper has reported it. The scene was a spiritualistic seance, Dr. Monck, of Huddersfield notoriety, was the medium, and Mr. Thomas Colley has recorded the circumstance in a spiritualist journal. This is what Mr. Colley says:—"My spirit-friend 'Samuel Wheeler' had been invisibly walking about my room with footfalls regular and unmistakable, and through the hand of Dr. Monck, in passes, had been throwing a storm of raps through my hand on the table that made it vibrate as under the strokes of a dozen auctioneers' hammers, with the force of several postmen cracking off a *feu de foi* upon the front door. On the hand I felt nothing, though under the hand (the medium being several feet from the table) I felt the percussion as it were of a bag of boys' marbles shot from the floor upwards through the wood into my palm. Then recognising an amount of power present, I put a slate and stump of lead pencil (having no slate pencil) under the table, in hopes of getting some direct writing. This, however, was not accorded, a sign only being written, humorously to show the pencil was good for naught; and said 'Samuel,' in control, pretentiously petulant at the pencil being of the wrong sort, 'Shall I burn it or drown it?' 'Drown it,' said I. 'Then,' said he, 'put your hand on the top of the water-bottle'—supper things had not been removed. So I covered the neck of the decanter with the palm of my hand. 'Now,' said he, 'watch closely.' The pencil at this time was on the slate at my feet, and had never once been touched by the medium, who at this time was some distance off. 'Now,' said 'Samuel,' through Dr. Monck, waving with his hand as he walked his entranced medium to the far extremity of the room—'Now, watch closely; look, look,' and instantly the inch of pencil fell, as it were, through the back of my hand on the glass into the bottle and floated on the top of the water." Here is a piece of pencil

passing bodily through a gentleman's hand, and yet we complain that we live in a dull age when there is nothing new under the sun!

A YOUNG woman, a barmaid in a Birmingham hotel, who had been crossed in love, committed suicide by drowning herself the other day. This was the verdict which the coroner's jury returned:—"Found drowned whilst insane," no indication being given whether it was the man who found the body or the jury who found the verdict that happened to be insane. Mr. Hawkes, the coroner, recorded their finding to be this:—"Suicide whilst in a state of insanity."

ACTING upon our advice, the well-meaning members of Tyldesley Local Board and Burial Board have buried their tomahawks. Mr. Cranshaw, their clerk, is to go on receiving his princely remuneration of £70 a year. Peace now reigns throughout the land.

MR. HUGH BIRLEY, M.P., has been sitting on poor Salford. Speaking at a meeting the other day, he expressed his surprise that Salford should lean so much to Manchester for its institutions generally. He should have thought that such a borough as Salford would have established by this time various institutions of public utility itself rather than have come across the water on every occasion. He should certainly applaud any public or municipal spirit of that kind. We cannot conceive what Salford has been doing to deserve all this. Although some of its young people are rather given to scuttling, there are many worse places in the world than Salford. Manchester and it get on very well together. Instead of wishing to see them further separated and acting independently the one of the other, some men quite as wise as Mr. Birley would prefer seeing them incorporated.

Scene: Manchester Limited Spirit Vaults. Time: Tuesday last. Dramatis Personæ: Brown (commission agent) and Jones (commission agent).—Brown [sipping at his whisky]: "Well." Jones [sipping at his whisky]: "Yes." Brown [taking another sip]: "It's rather cold." Jones: "It is cold." [Silence reigns for the space of five-and-twenty minutes.] Jones: "I found 'Change very dull to-day." Brown: "Everything and everybody is deuced dull—I am." Jones: "What's the cause?" Brown [rising and draining the dregs]: "Williamson versus Barbour."

Boz.—This gentleman's entertainment at the Free Trade Hall has received the favours which it well deserved. The majority of the tricks are decidedly new, and we would recommend our readers to take advantage of the remaining two nights to see the bird-cage trick, the extraordinary skill of the automaton Yorick, and the dark seance.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

One of Leonard Bright's complete short Stories of Manchester Life is given in the *City Jackdaw* every week. The following have already appeared:—

BROKEN DOWN—In No. 99, October 5, 1877.

HEAVY HEARTS—In No. 101, October 19, 1877.

THE BOLTED DOOR—In No. 102, October 26, 1877.

CLARA BROWN—In No. 103, Nov. 2, 1877.

BOUND HAND AND FOOT—In No. 104, Nov. 9, 1877.

MRS. ALLGOOD'S SECRET.—In No. 105, Nov. 16, 1877.

Copies of the papers containing these Stories will be sent by post from the Publishing Office for 14d. each.

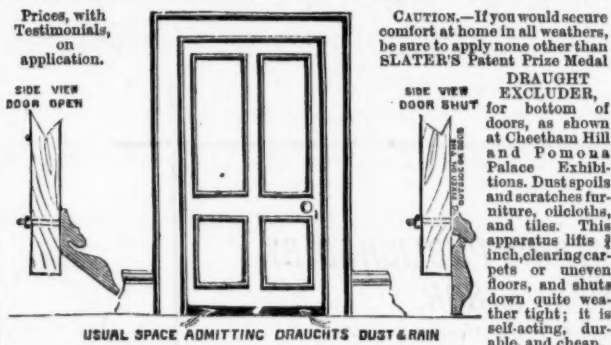
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Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 61, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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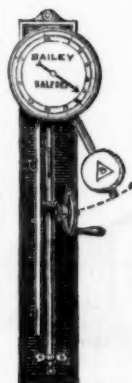
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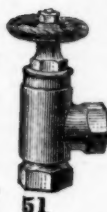
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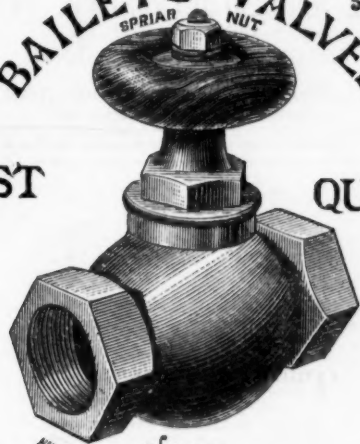


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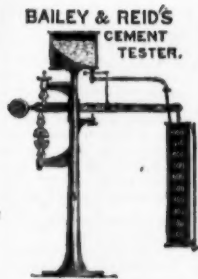
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